

DEATH OF WOLVERINE®

THE WEAPON X PROGRAM™



Salvatore

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005

THE WEAPON X PROGRAM



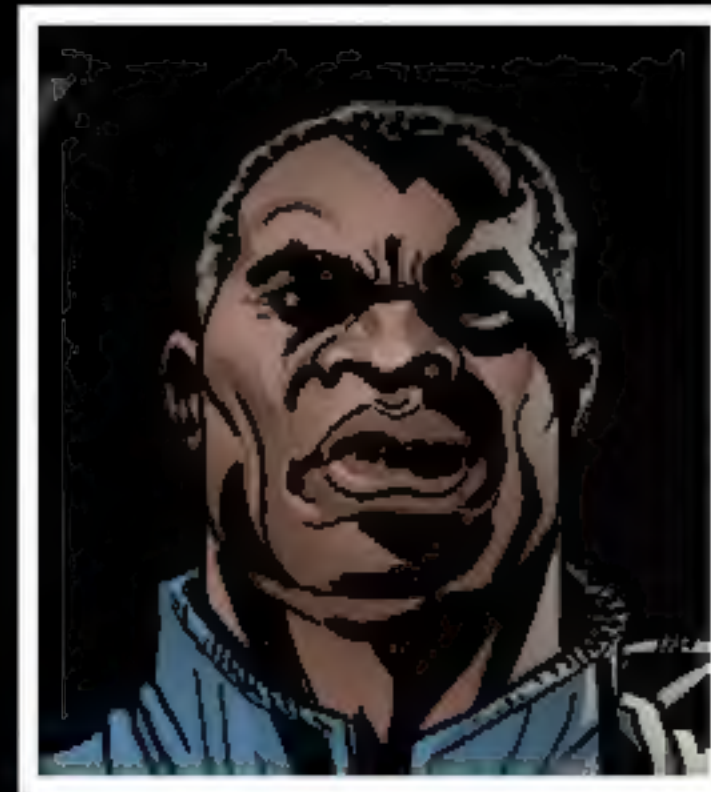
SHARP



NEURO



ENDO



SKEL



JUNK



???

THE GROUP OF EXPERIMENTAL TEST SUBJECTS FROM PARADISE HAS MANAGED TO TEMPORARILY EVADE THEIR PURSUERS, AFTER NEURO'S SURGICAL EXTRACTION OF THE TRACKING DEVICES IMPLANTED WITHIN THEIR BODIES...OR HAVE THEY?

WITH THE SIX ORIGINAL REFUGEES NOW DWINDLED DOWN TO FIVE, NOTHING IS WHAT IT SEEMS. SHARP'S PAST IS CATCHING UP WITH HIM AS HE LOSES ALMOST COMPLETE CONTROL TO THE MAN INSIDE HIS HEAD - OGUN. ENDO, ENCOUNTERING UNKNOWN OPERATIVES WITH THEIR OWN SET OF POWERS, IS REVEALED TO HAVE ORIGINALLY BEEN A MAN BEFORE HER TIME IN THE PARADISE TESTING FACILITY.

THE MOST DISTURBING REVELATION, THOUGH, CONCERNS NEURO - A SERIAL KILLER PRIOR TO HIS ENHANCEMENTS, MURDERER OF THE SIXTH UNKNOWN MEMBER OF PARADISE SURVIVORS, IS SHOWN TO BE WORKING WITH NONE OTHER THAN THE VERY PEOPLE HE AND HIS TEAM ARE RUNNING FROM...

CONCLUSION

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NEW ORLEANS,
LOUISIANA.

THERE HE
IS. LOOKS
QUIET.

WE'LL
TAKE HIM ON
MY MARK.



NO THEATRICS. JUST
A QUICK TAKEDOWN--
AND WE WANT HIM *ALIVE*, IF
POSSIBLE. THIS IS *SHARP*. HE
WON'T GIVE US TIME TO
SCREW AROUND.

HE WAS
TWEAKED,
RIGHT? WHAT'S
HIS POWER?

EXTREME
TACTICAL AWARENESS.
BATTLE STRATEGY. HE'S
ALEXANDER THE GREAT
MIXED WITH *PATTON*
MIXED WITH A PACK
OF *WOLVES*.

HE USED TO
BE *DELTA*, RIGHT?
HIS FILE SAID...I KNOW
HE'S THE *TARGET*, BUT
HONESTLY, THAT WAS
PRETTY *TRAGIC*.

WHATEVER
HE *WAS*, HE'S
SOMETHING
ELSE NOW.

ENOUGH.
TIME TO MOVE.
ON MY--



OH,
NO.





KRACK





WHY WON'T YOU JUST LEAVE US *ALONE*? HAVEN'T YOU DONE *ENOUGH* TO US?

WE D-DON'T HAVE A *CHOICE*. WE'RE TRYING TO *PROTECT* PEOPLE.

YOU WERE THE *LAST* ONE. I WAS JUST DOING MY *JOB*.

DON'T *KILL* ME. I WANT TO *LIVE*.

KILL HIM. MAKE HIM A MESSAGE TO ANY OF HIS ILK WHO COME AFTER.



YOU SAID YOUR NAME WAS *OGUN*?

YES.

WELL, *OGUN*--

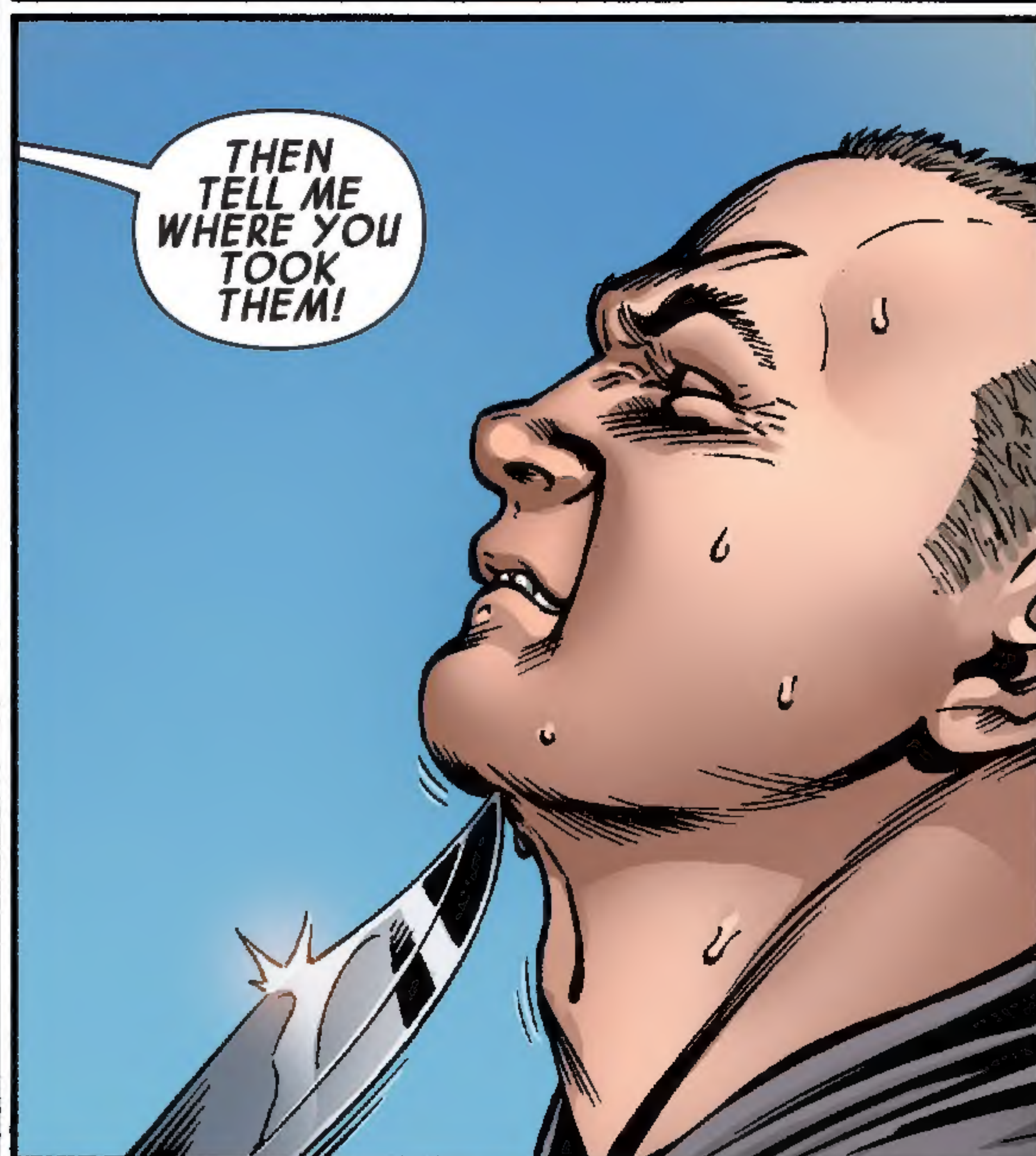


--I'LL DO WHAT I WANT.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN-- I'M THE "*LAST ONE*"?

THE OTHERS-- THE ONES YOU ESCAPED WITH. WE'VE GOT THEM BACK. YOU'RE THE *LAST*.

HNH. YOU SAID YOU WANT TO *LIVE*?



THEN TELL ME WHERE YOU TOOK THEM!

THE GULF OF MEXICO.
ARCADIA.



THIS PLACE
IS **INCREDIBLE**.
IT MUST HAVE COST...
I CAN'T EVEN
IMAGINE.

THANK
YOU, MONSIEUR
STANCH.

PLEASE,
MADEMOISELLE
SAPHIR. CALL ME
NEURO. I'VE
GROWN TO
LIKE IT.

WHAT
DO YOU
CALL IT?

ARCADIA.

PARADISE,
ARCADIA...

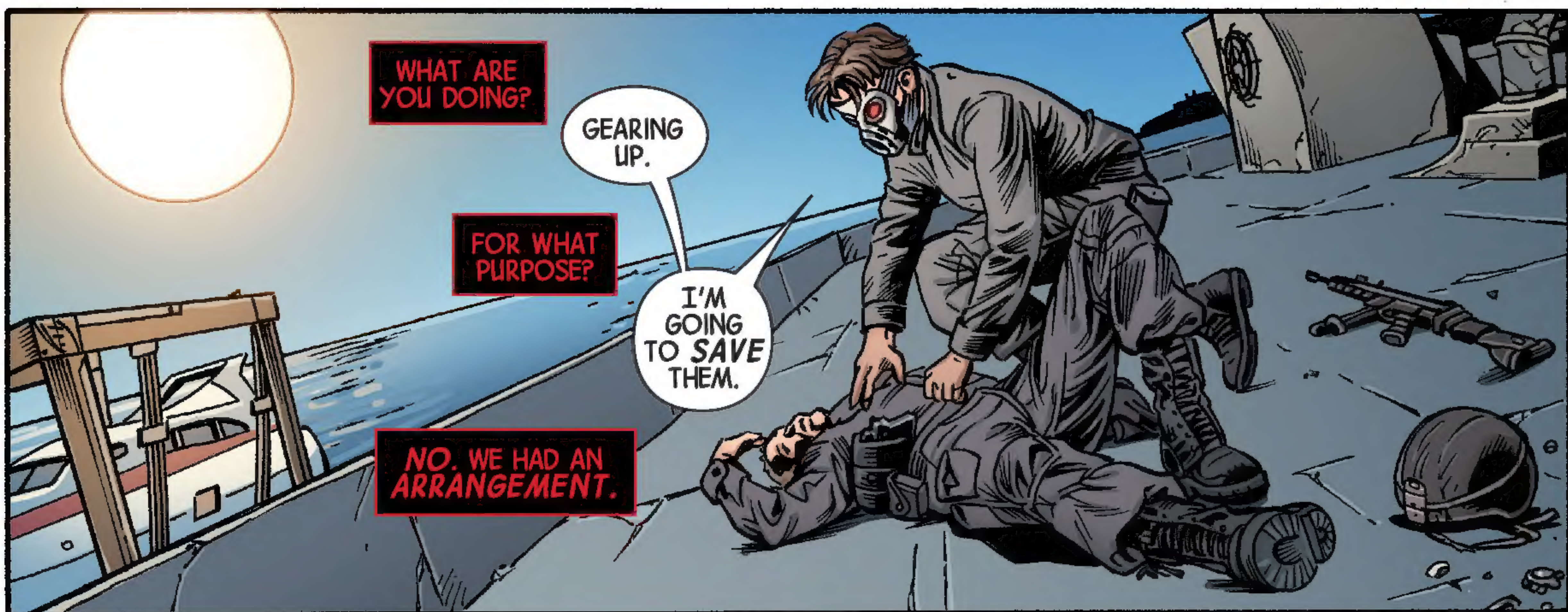
YES.
REMINERS OF
THE **POINT** OF
ALL THIS. WE ARE
TRYING TO BUILD
A **BETTER**
WORLD.

AND YOU
ARE RIGHT. IT
WAS EXPENSIVE.
TRES CHÈRE. BUT YOU
SEE, MONSIEUR NEURO,
OUR FEELING IS THAT
THERE IS **NO PRICE**
TOO HIGH TO
PAY--





--IF ONE
MIGHT OWN THE
FUTURE.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

GEARING UP.

FOR WHAT PURPOSE?

I'M GOING TO SAVE THEM.

NO. WE HAD AN ARRANGEMENT.



I GAVE YOU THE TRUTH, AND NOW WE LEAVE.

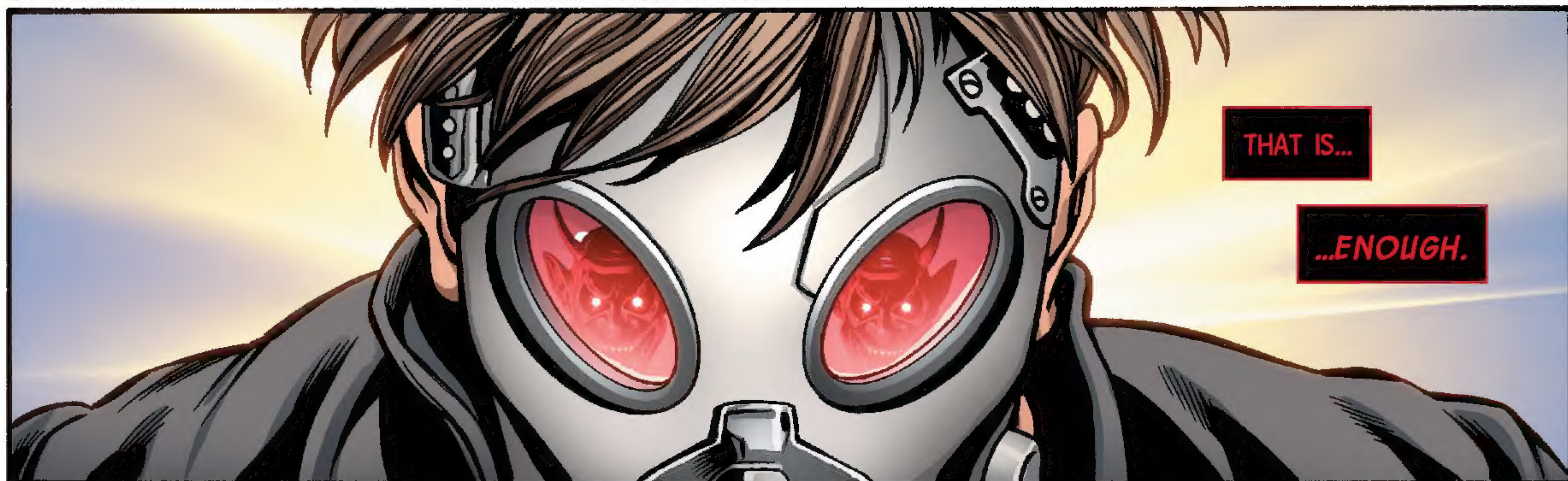
SORRY, PAL. THAT WAS BEFORE ENDO AND THE REST WERE TAKEN.

I'M ALL THEY'VE GOT. THEY'RE ALL I'VE GOT. SAVING THEM WOULD TELL ME THAT I'M NOT... WHAT I *THINK* I AM.

IT'S ABOUT ME AS MUCH AS IT IS ABOUT *THEM*. I WON'T LET THEM DISAPPEAR INTO ONE OF THOSE... LABS AGAIN.



NO!



THAT IS...

...ENOUGH.



THIS PLACE IS AMAZING.

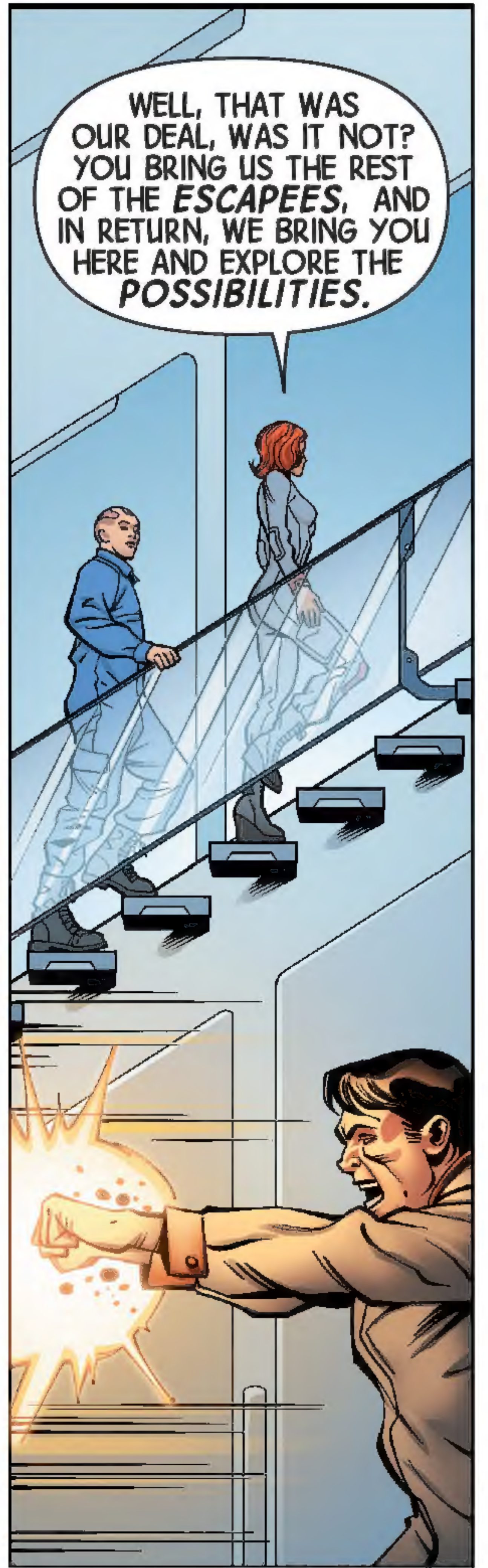


SO MUCH BETTER THAN WHERE THEY WORKED ON *ME*. PARADISE... HARDLY. IT WAS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A CHEAP HORROR FILM.

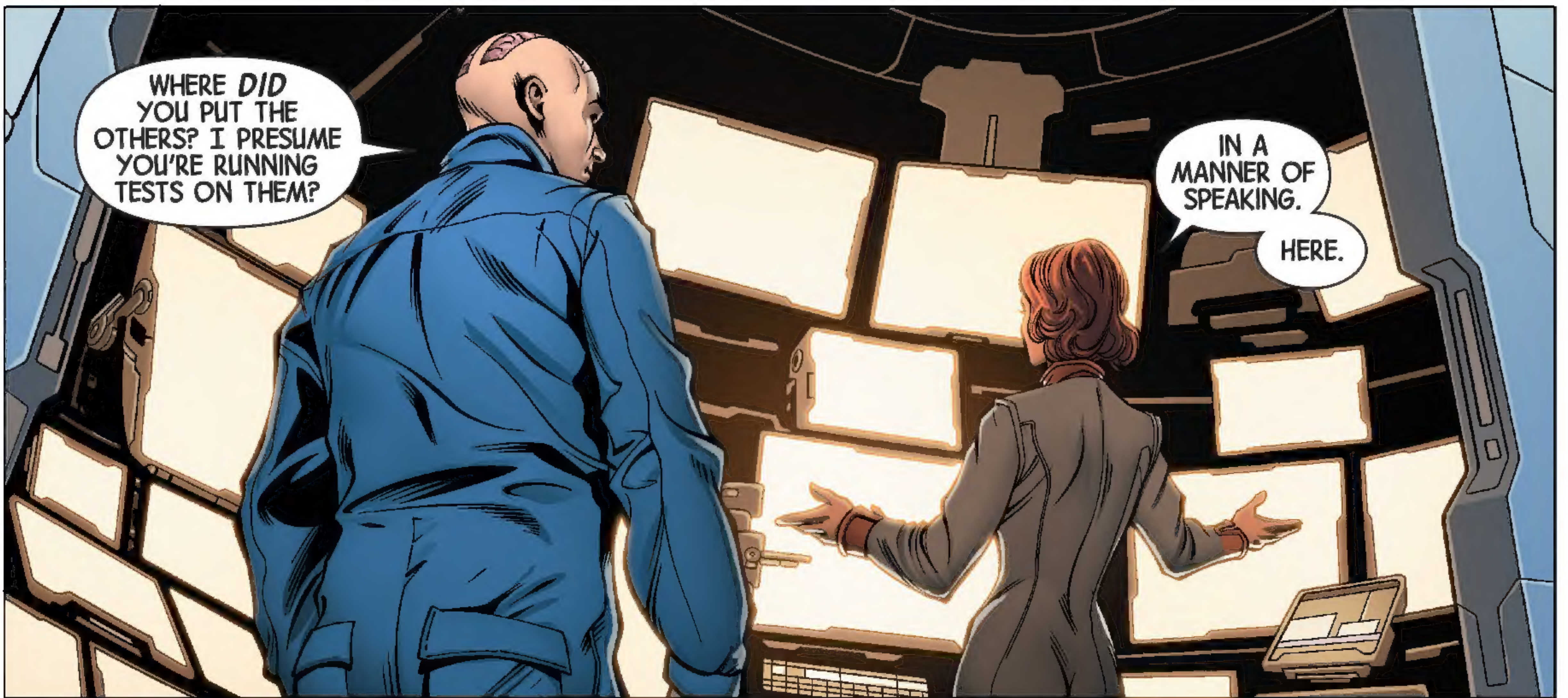
BIEN SUR. THAT WAS A TESTING FACILITY FOR EXPERIMENTS. IT WAS...ROUGH AROUND THE EDGES, YOU MIGHT SAY. BUT HERE, IN ARCADIA...

...WE ARE MUCH MORE REFINED.

I LOOK FORWARD TO WORKING WITH YOU. I FEEL LIKE I'VE BARELY BEGUN TO TAP MY OWN POTENTIAL.



WELL, THAT WAS OUR DEAL, WAS IT NOT? YOU BRING US THE REST OF THE *ESCAPEES*, AND IN RETURN, WE BRING YOU HERE AND EXPLORE THE *POSSIBILITIES*.



WHERE *DID* YOU PUT THE OTHERS? I PRESUME YOU'RE RUNNING TESTS ON THEM?

IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING.

HERE.



I'LL SHOW YOU.

KLIK



CAN ANYONE
HEAR ME? WE
NEED A DOCTOR
IN HERE!

WHAT ARE
YOU PEOPLE DOING?
DON'T YOU WANT TO
PROTECT YOUR DAMN
INVESTMENT?



FASCINATING.

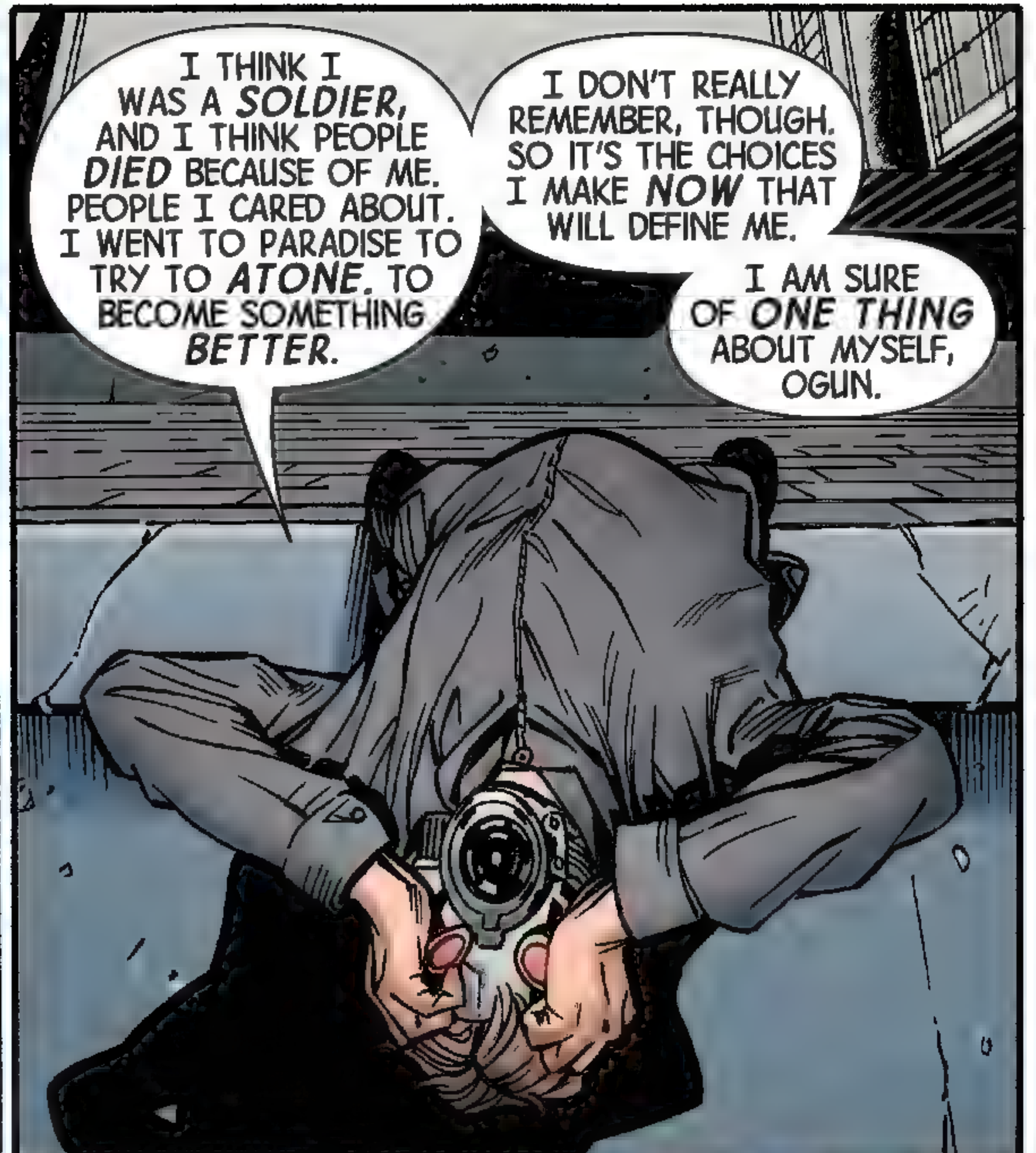
I HOPE
YOU'LL LET
ME STUDY THEM
AS WELL.

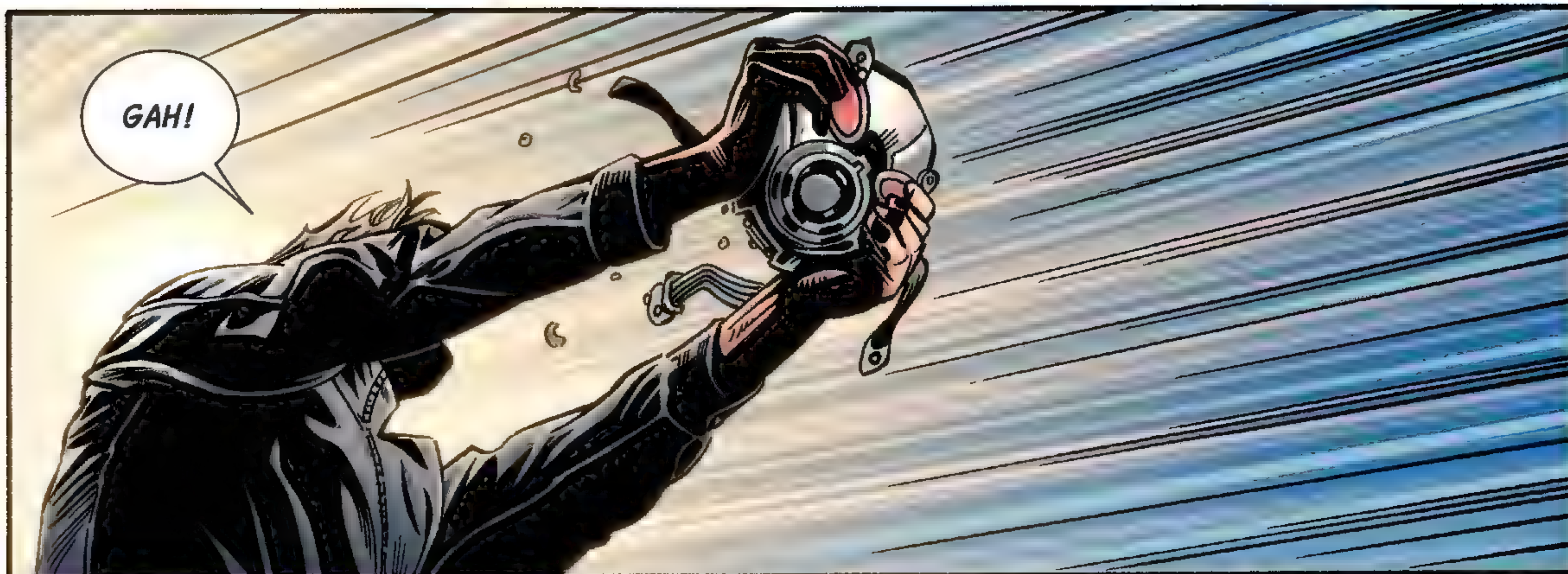
OH, I
THINK SO,
MONSIEUR.



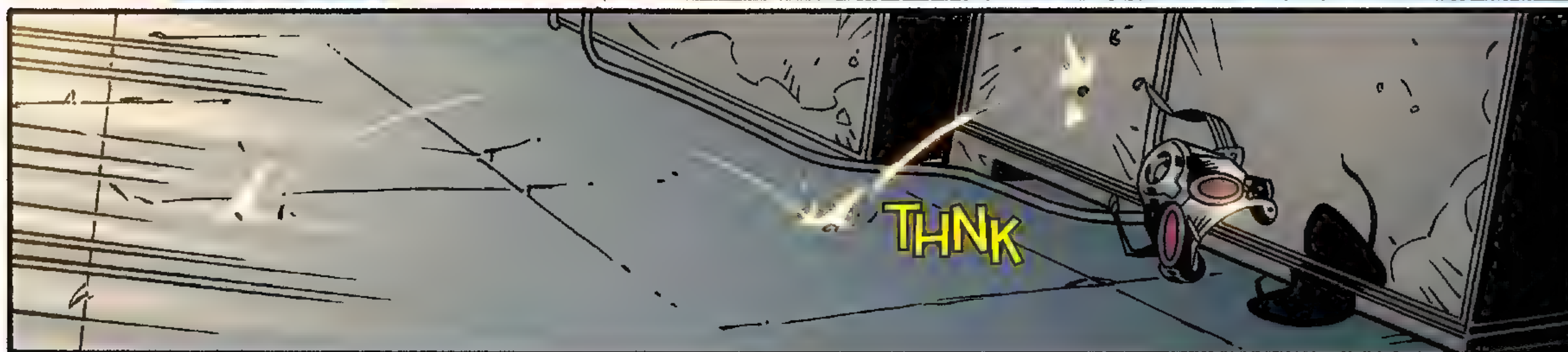
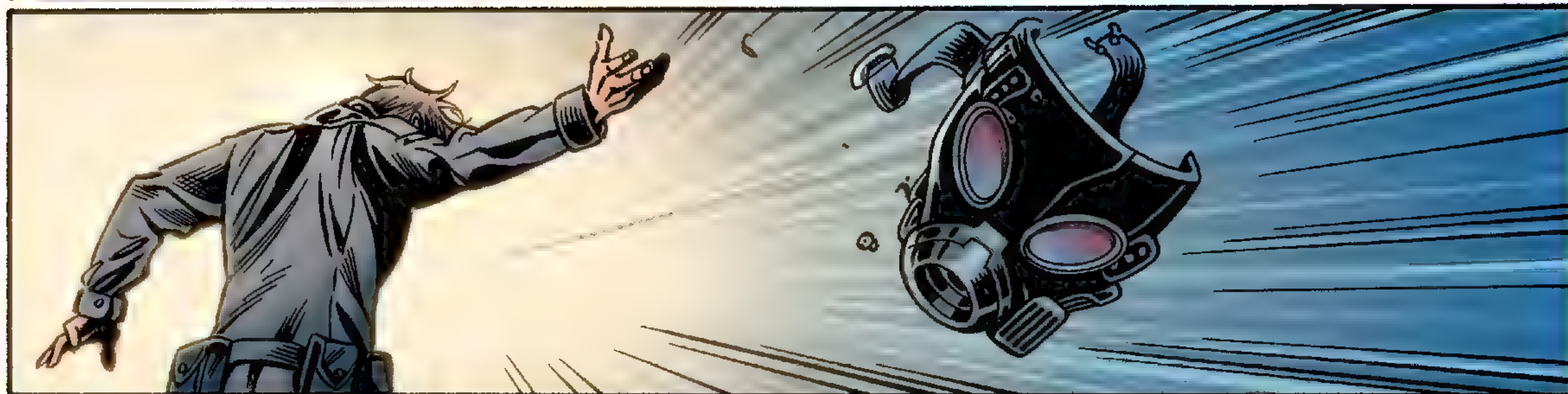
WHA--

WE'LL
LET YOU GET
QUITE CLOSE,
IN FACT.

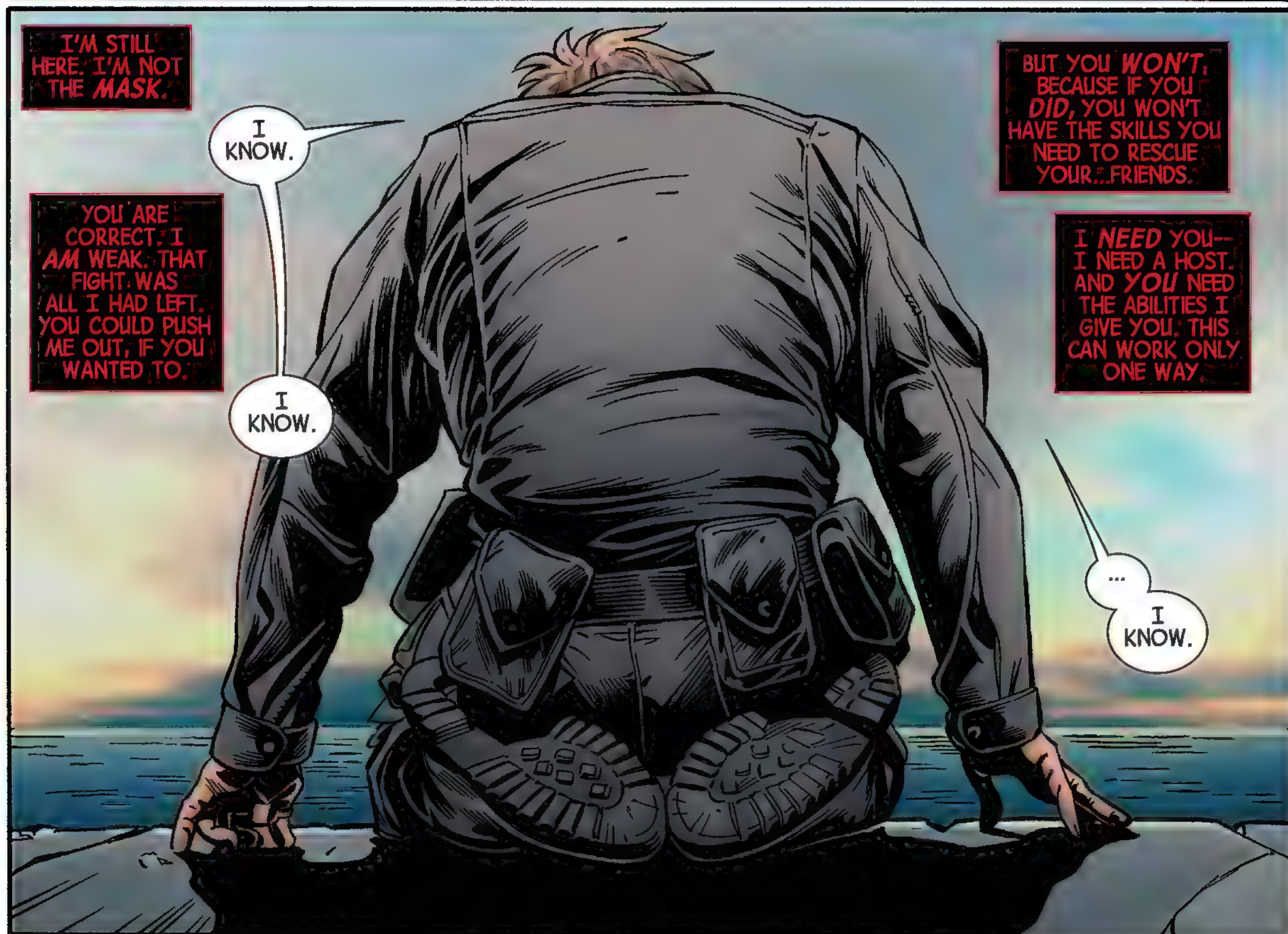




GAH!



THINK



I'M STILL
HERE. I'M NOT
THE MASK.

I
KNOW.

YOU ARE
CORRECT. I
AM WEAK. THAT
FIGHT WAS
ALL I HAD LEFT.
YOU COULD PUSH
ME OUT, IF YOU
WANTED TO.

I
KNOW.

BUT YOU **WON'T**,
BECAUSE IF YOU
DID, YOU WON'T
HAVE THE SKILLS YOU
NEED TO RESCUE
YOUR...FRIENDS.

I **NEED** YOU--
I NEED A HOST.
AND **YOU** NEED
THE ABILITIES I
GIVE YOU. THIS
CAN WORK ONLY
ONE WAY.

...
I
KNOW.



NEURO?!
DAMN, MAN, I
THOUGHT MAYBE
YOU GOT AWAY. YOU
ALL RIGHT? THIS
WHOLE THING...
NO GOOD. DON'T
MAKE NO
SENSE.

ON THE
CONTRARY,
JUNK, IT MAKES
PERFECT
SENSE.

WHEN
YOU *THINK*
ABOUT IT.



WHY ARE
YOU *DOING*
THIS TO US?

YOU GAVE US
SUPERPOWERS!
TREAT US LIKE THIS, WE
AIN'T GONNA BE
HEROES. WE GONNA
END UP **VILLAINS!**



HEROES?
MON DIEU. THEY'RE
IDIOTS.



NEURO--TELL
THEM WHAT YOU
LEARNED WHEN YOU
BROKE INTO THOSE
FILES...



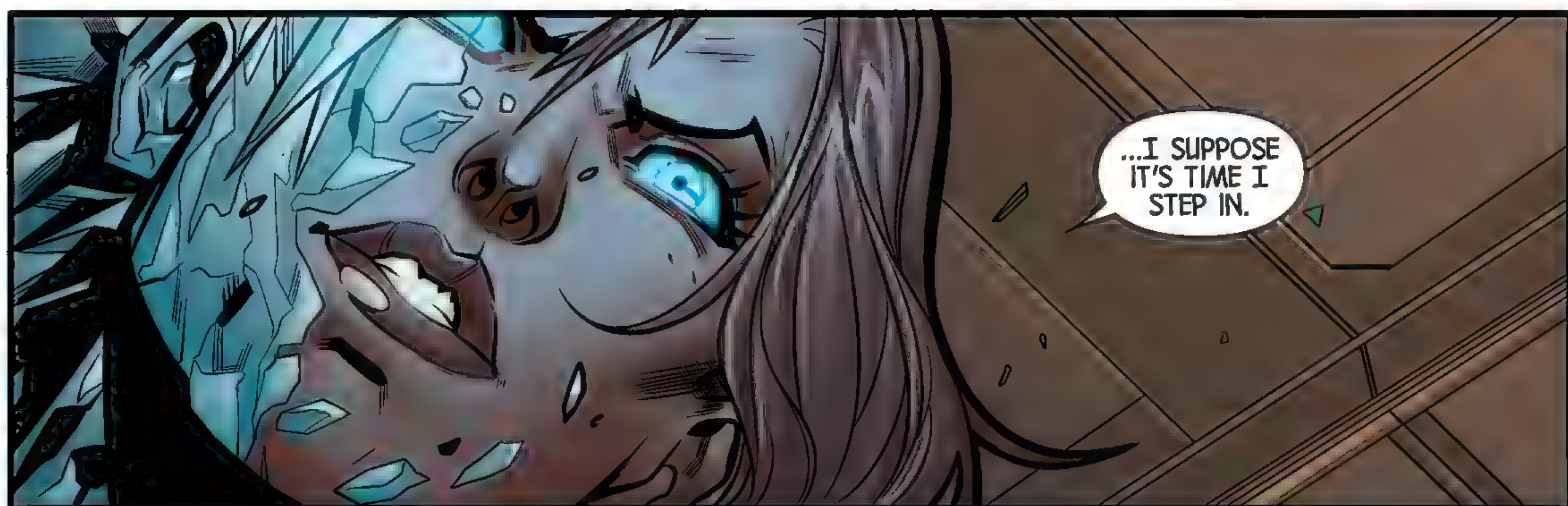
...TELL THEM
WHY YOU CALLED
US, GAVE US THEIR
LOCATION, THEIR
WEAKNESSES.
TRIED TO MAKE A
DEAL WITH US.

YOU SON
OF A--YOU'RE
DEAD!





"...HE'S TEARING US APART."





YOU
SOLD US
OUT!

MAYBE WE'RE
ALL GONNA DIE,
BUT YOU'RE
GOING
FIRST.

AMEN,
JUNK. LET ME
JUST GET IN SOME
PUNCHES 'FORE YOU
SPIT THAT VENOM AT
NEURO. HELP ME FEEL
A LITTLE BETTER,
INSIDE AN'
OUT.



NGGGG...

...IF YOU
KILL ME, ENDO/
JUNK/SKEL, YOU
WILL NEVER GET
OUT OF THIS
CELL.



IS
ANYONE
ELSE...
HEARING
THIS?



I...THINK
SO.

IF I CAN DO THIS, IMAGINE
WHAT ELSE I CAN DO.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA. I'VE
LEARNED.

I CAN GET
US OUT OF THIS
CELL, AND I KNOW
HOW TO SAVE
OUR LIVES. BUT
ONLY IF YOU DO
EXACTLY WHAT
I TELL YOU
TO DO.



OR KILL ME,
AND SIT BACK
AND WAIT
TO DIE.



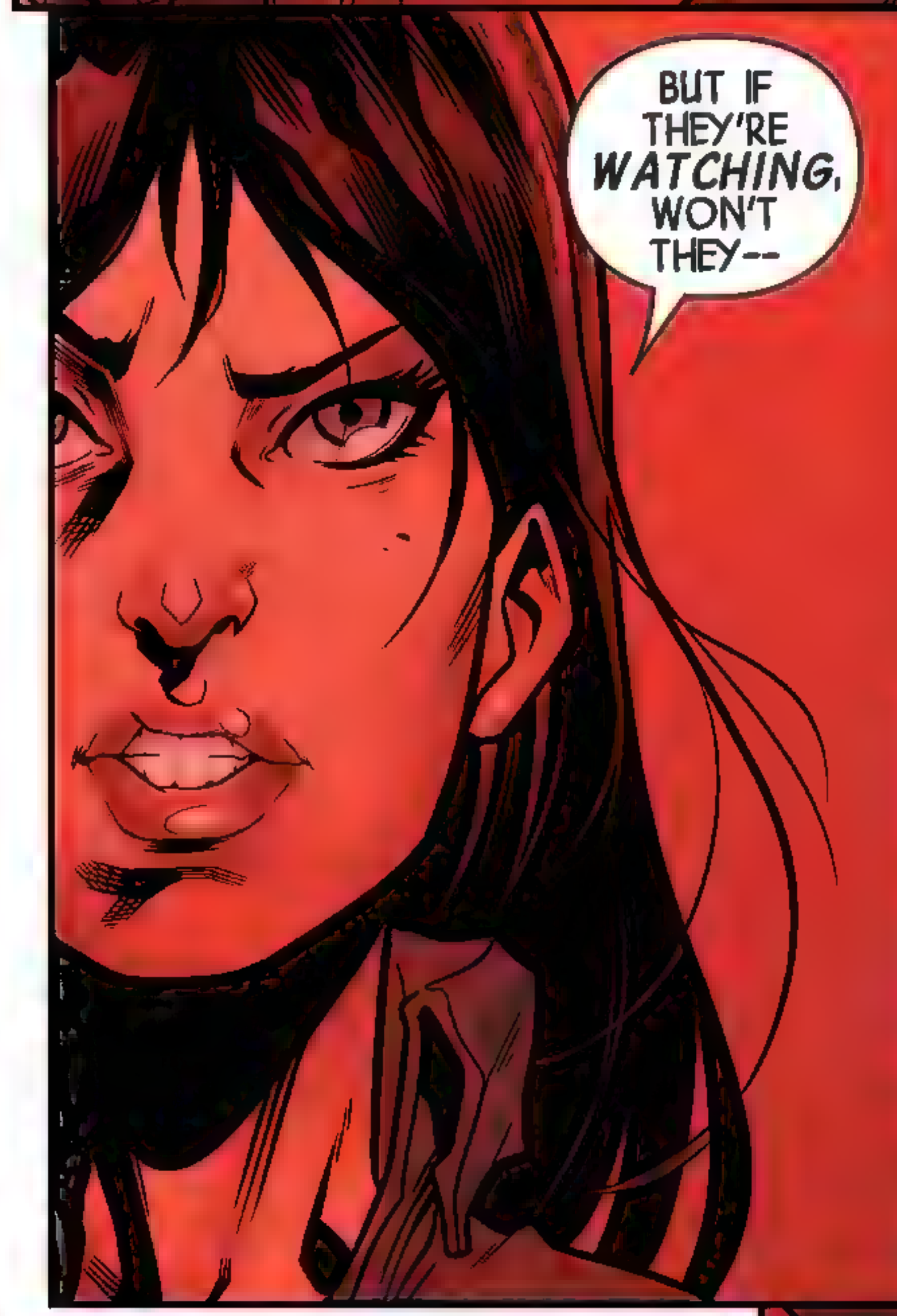
NNNG--THERE. I SAW THE SURVEILLANCE FEED INTO THIS ROOM. BASED ON THE ANGLE OF THE SHOT, THE CAMERA IS MOUNTED DIRECTLY BEHIND THAT WALL.

SO WHAT, MAN? YOU SAYING THEY'RE WATCHING US? WE ALREADY KNOW THAT.



NO, JUNK. I'M SAYING IT'S A *WEAK SPOT*. THEY HAD TO RUN A CHANNEL FOR THE CAMERA'S WIRING, WHICH MEANS EITHER THERE'S A *SEAM* BETWEEN TWO PANELS OR A *HOLE*.

EITHER WAY, WE CAN *USE* IT.



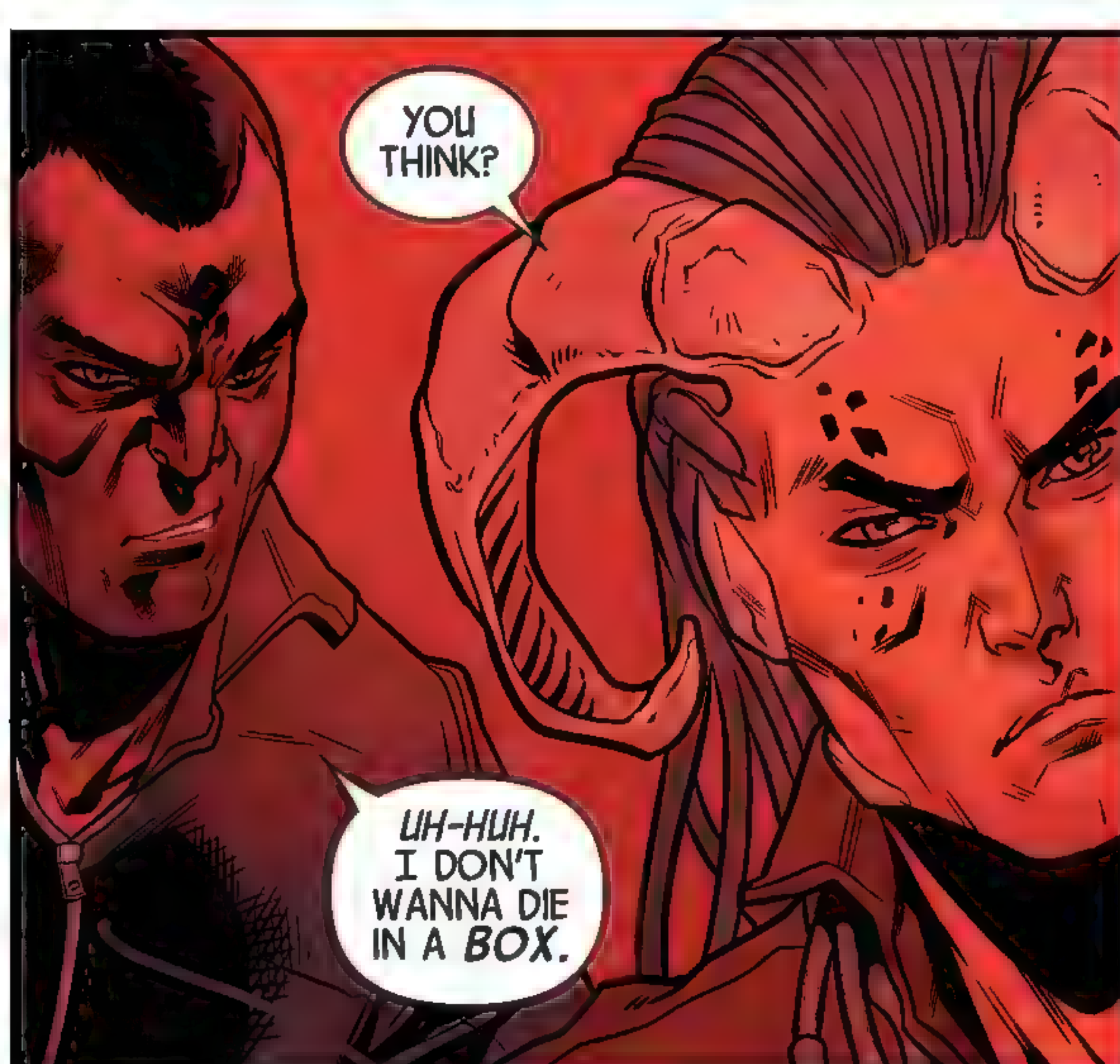
BUT IF THEY'RE *WATCHING*, WON'T THEY--



THE ALARM IS STILL ON. THEY'RE BUSY. BUT THEY MAY NOT BE FOR LONG. WE HAVE TO GO *NOW*.



JUNK, SKEL...IF YOU WILL.



YOU THINK?

UH-HUH. I DON'T WANNA DIE IN A *BOX*.

GIVE THEM TO ME, AND WE'LL LEAVE. NO ONE ELSE HAS TO GET HURT.

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, YOU FOOL? THE REASON WE SPENT SO MUCH TIME AND MONEY ROUNDING YOU ALL UP IS BECAUSE YOU ARE THE DANGER!

PSYCHOPATHS AND UNSTABLE MONSTERS--WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU BELONG OUT IN THE WORLD?

IT DOESN'T END WITH YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS. YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY THINGS THAT ESCAPED FROM CORNELIUS' LAB.

AGH!

SOME VERY BAD THINGS GOT OUT WHEN THAT LAB BURNED DOWN. WORSE THAN YOU, EVEN WORSE THAN ME.

THE SCALE OF THIS THING IS HUGE.

ALL YOU'RE DOING HERE IS KEEPING US FROM SAVING THE WORLD, YOU IDIOT!

WHOSE WORLD?

